









# CATHOLIC WEEKLY INSTRUCTOR;

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### RELIGIOUS, INSTRUCTIVE, AND ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE.

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#### SHORT TALES FOR THE YOUNG.

##### THE GOOD FATHER.

SOME important business had detained a good father in London, while his wife and children remained in a cottage in the country. One day he sent the children a large box filled with beautiful toys, pictures, &c. and along with the box a letter, in which were these words: "My dear children, be always good and pious; I will allow you to join me very soon; be happy, therefore, for I have in reserve for you far more beautiful presents in the house which I am preparing for your reception."—"Oh, how good our dear papa is!" cried the children, transported with joy. "We will love him with all our hearts although we do not see him at present, and although we can scarcely remember what he is like. We will satisfy him by trying to be good, and doing every thing he prescribes to us in this letter. Oh, how happy we shall be when we see our good father once again."—"My dear children," said the mother, "the good God acts towards men as your excellent father acts towards you. It is true we see Him not, yet we receive from Him a thousand favours, a thousand precious benefits. The sun, the moon, the stars, the flowers, the fruits, and all the productions of the earth come from Him. The Holy Scriptures are as a letter which He writes to us, to manifest His will, and tell us where we are to learn, and who is to teach us what He wishes us to do, promising, if we obey His Church, to receive us one day into heaven, where He is keeping for us gifts far more magnificent than any He has yet bestowed, pleasures far more delightful than any this world can procure. Let us, then, my children, love God with all our heart, do His will, and feed on the hope of being one day admitted into heaven, where we shall see Him face to face, and our happiness will be eternal.

"If we our happiness seek in God's love,  
For ever shall we live in heaven above."

##### THE BROTHER AND SISTER.

James and Anna found themselves one day quite alone in the house. "Come, Anna," said James, "let us go and look for some nice morsel to regale ourselves with."—"If you can take me where we will not be seen," said Anna, "I will go willingly."—"Very well," said James; "we will go into the little pantry where the milk is kept, and we will eat the nice cream."—"No," said his sister, "I cannot go there,

for there is a man working in the street and he would be sure to see us."—"In that case," said James, "follow me into the kitchen, where there are some pots of jam for making tarts; we will have some."—"But you know," said Anna, "that our neighbour's daughter sits sewing at the window, and she can easily see into our kitchen."—"Come, then," said James, "and let us eat some apples in the cellar, nobody in the world could see us in that dark hole."—"Oh, my dear brother," said Anna, "do you really believe no one can see us? have you forgot that there is an Eye that can pierce the thickest walls, and see in the most profound darkness?"—James was struck by this observation; he reddened, and then turning to his sister he said: "You are right, Anna; God is every where present, we cannot escape from Him; and I would not do now what I proposed to you five minutes since. Our Mother Mary and our Guardian Angels have been watching over us; come, Anna, let us thank them for their care in putting into your heart what you have said to me."

Anna was happy, and gave her brother on that occasion a little picture, on which was the eye of God surrounded by rays, and these words underneath:

"Thine eye, O God, is fixed on me,  
May mine be always fixed on Thee."

James kept it carefully, and whenever in after life he was tempted to do wrong, he looked at his little picture, and God gave him strength to overcome the temptation. "Go thou and do likewise."

##### THE TWO ROADS.

The schoolmaster of a little village on the banks of the Rhine was sitting in his school-room one morning surrounded by his pupils, who listened to him with pleasure, for he talked to them with so much gentleness and persuasion that every one loved to be near him. On this occasion he spoke of a good and an evil conscience, and of the secret voice within the heart. When he had finished, he turned to his pupils, and said, "Can any of you give me a good illustration of what I have said?" A little boy stood up, and said, "I think I could, but I am not quite sure."—"Let us hear what you have got to say, my little fellow," said the master.—"Well then," said the child, "I would compare the good and the bad conscience to two paths I have once followed. When the French soldiers passed through our village they forced my father to go with them, and carried away our horse, and when my father did not return my mother began to weep. I was so very sorry, and so



were we all, and she sent me to the next town to try and find out what had become of him. I set out on my sorrowful journey, but I could hear no tidings of my poor father, and it was late at night when I was returning, and my heart was sad.

"It was a gloomy autumn night; the wind whistled and groaned through the oaks and firs that grew among rocks near the road, the owl and the bittern cried, and in my heart was the thought, we have lost my good father, and what will be the sorrow of my mother when I return without any tidings of his fate. The darkness of the night also made me very frightened, and the shaking of the leaves made me shudder, and I thought within myself, it is thus a man must feel who has a bad conscience."

"Children," said the master, "would you in the midst of a dark and stormy night like to go and seek your father—be unable to find him—and hear nothing but the howling of the storm and the cries of ferocious beasts?"—"Oh no, no," cried the children, trembling at the very thought.—Then the little boy continued: "Another day I followed the same path with my little sister; we were returning from the town, and we carried with us many pretty things that we had bought, for we were to have a little family party. It was evening this time also, but it was spring, and the young May moon was shining brightly, and the stars glittered like spangles in the blue heaven, and all was peace and tranquillity; nothing was to be heard but the murmuring of the rivulet which glided along by the path, and the songs of the nightingales in the bushes. On we went, my sister and I, hand in hand, bounding along, our hearts so full of joy that we could not speak. Then our beloved father came to meet us, and I thought it is thus that the soul of a man must feel when he has acted well."

The little boy ceased speaking, and the good master regarded his pupils with an inquiring glance. Then they all shouted together, "Yes! yes! we also will do good, and keep a conscience void of offence both towards God and towards man."

### THE PRESENT.

It was evening, and the next day was their father's birthday, when three young children had finished making a wreath of the most beautiful flowers they had been able to find. They did it secretly, that their father might not see it, and all night long they could hardly close an eye.

When morning came, up they got, and stole so softly into the chamber of their father, walking on tip-toe without stocking or shoe; and then they gently placed the crown of flowers upon his bed and glided out of the room. And their father saw them, but he pretended to be asleep.

After a while he rose, and coming out of his room he asked, "Where are the little angels that have crowned me with flowers while I slept?" And the children ran towards him, flung themselves upon his neck, and kissed him with hearts overflowing with joy.

Some time after a messenger arrived at the house, carrying a barrel of Rhenish wine to rejoice the heart of this good father; and he was happy indeed, because it was a token of the love of his eldest son;

and the three little children jumped and danced around the little barrel, and around their father.

And as they were all seated at table they found a large scroll of paper containing a song of congratulation, full of tenderness and piety; and this was written by the second son, who had returned to his fatherland after having visited the countries of strangers; and when the father read the song he smiled, and the tears of gratified affection fell from his eyes.—Then the three little ones looked at him, and said, "Dear good papa, we have not been able to do any thing for you, nor give you any thing, because we are so little!"—Then the father took the three little ones in his arms, and said, "Do not think your present is of less value in my eyes. Your hearts are good as your brothers', and my love is for you all." Then the children remembered who had said that even the cup of cold water should not lose its reward.

### REPENTANCE.

A countryman had planted a fine fruit tree, and after a year or two he was glad to see it covered with beautiful fruit, and longed for the time when it would ripen.

Now the son of a neighbour, who was a very wicked boy, happening to pass by, tempted the young son of the countryman to join him in shaking the branches, that the fruit might fall even before it was ripe. And when the owner saw his tree robbed he was very much annoyed, and said, "Ah! why have they done this? some bad boys must have carried away the fruit that I watched with so much pleasure." These words went to the heart of his little son, who ran to the boy that had tempted him, and said, "My father is so sorry for what has been done, that I am quite wretched. My father will love me no more, he will despise me, he will punish me as I deserve."—And the other replied, "What a fool you are; your father does not know that you stole the fruit, and he need never know it; think only of concealing the thing." The child tried to stifle his conscience, and returned home; but when he saw the kind expression of his father's face he could not look at him. "How can I ever look on him again with joy," said the child, "I, who have vexed him so much? I dare not even look into my own heart; such a thick cloud seems to cover it." Then the father advanced into the midst of the children and gave each of them some fruit. The other children began to jump with joy and eat the fruit, but Benjamin hid his face with his hands and wept bitterly. "My child," said his father, taking him in his arms, what is the matter with you? "Ah, my father," replied Benjamin, "I do not deserve to be called your child. I cannot bear that you should think me a good boy like the others. My good father, I am very wicked—punish me, but do not show kindness to me—punish me, that I may cease to be miserable—make me expiate my fault—I stole the fruit from the young tree." And when the child had spoken thus, the father pressed him to his heart, and said, "I forgive thee, my child, it is thy first fault, and God who has given thee grace to repent, will I doubt not give thee strength to resist temptation for the time to come." M. L.



## THE BLACK LADY.

*(Imitated from the German.)*

## CHAPTER I.

## THE TERRIBLE CASTLE.

VERY many years ago there stood in one of the valleys of Switzerland an ancient castle, which, from its severe and gloomy appearance, usually went by the name of "*the Terrible Castle*." This fortress had been standing since the days when the Helvetians were engaged in a war against the powerful house of Austria. It seemed to defy the ravages of time, and looked as firm and solid as the rock of granite on which it was built. The beautiful valley over which it lorded it, was protected on both sides by high mountains, and terminated in the lake of Lucerne. Nature, always wonderful in this extraordinary country, appeared to have formed this spot, in order to display in it the most opposite qualities: garlands of the most beautiful flowers, such as accompany the spring, met the eye towards the east; the south was crowned with the fruits of autumn; while the hills on the north were capped the whole year round with the heavy snows of winter. All possible seasons and all possible climates seemed to have been gathered into this one place, and presented a combination most wonderful and charming to the eye of the traveller. But the most striking part of the whole landscape was the appearance of the stupendous Alps, which at the same moment delight and awe the mind of man; for although he holds so high a rank in the scale of beings, yet, by the side of these giants, he sinks into utter insignificance.

At the time we speak of, *the Terrible Castle* was inhabited by a lady, of whom the most wonderful stories were told throughout the whole country. According to some accounts, she was some hundreds of years old—could fly through the air like an eagle—sucked children's blood—continually annoyed those who told lies—excited storms—roused the angry waves of the neighbouring lake—and had such an extensive knowledge, that nothing that was done in any part of the country could escape her. Other accounts made her out to be not *quite* so powerful; but merely stated, that in the broad light of day she never appeared to mortal eye, and never ventured

abroad till darkness had shaded the earth; that she always dressed herself in *black*; that she avoided the society of mortals; that her servants never could be induced by any persuasion to say a single word about her or her concerns; in a word, that she was a sorceress, who had dealings with the nether world.

The country people dared not for their lives enter the valley in which was situated *the Terrible Castle* where the *BLACK LADY* dwelt; and many a mother, after instructing her children to fear God and avoid sin, would add in conclusion—"But above all things, avoid *the Black Lady*."

Never did any event come to pass, that varied in the slightest degree from the ordinary run of things, but *the Black Lady* was at the bottom of it all. And her power was increased tenfold by a conviction throughout all the country, that she was exceedingly wealthy, and continually received piles of gold from the inhabitants of the other world; so that she was enabled, just as it suited her caprice, to dispense any favours or any punishments she thought proper.

The mountain of Rigi, one of the most picturesque in all Switzerland, is too well known by all travellers that have visited that country, to render any description of it necessary. On its summit you still see the convent of "*our Blessed Lady of the Snow*," where a little brotherhood of true religious exercise the purest actions of religion and charity. In this modest monastery—the unfailing asylum, where the weary traveller evermore finds rest, and the home of hundreds of pilgrims, who flock thither at every season of the year—there dwelt at this time the holy Father Morand. He was the angel of the country; and he alone possessed the privilege of visiting *the Terrible Castle* every Sunday, and there to celebrate the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. The good folk of the country did not know what to make of these visits: and they were most firmly convinced, that it was to his exalted virtues, the holy man stood indebted for escaping the sorceries of *the Black Lady*. He too was an extraordinary being; but there was this difference between him and her—his power was displayed in good and kindly works, while she was the authoress of all the evils that ever happened. The holy man remained so closely shut up from the gossip of the country, that he had never heard any of these reports about *the Black Lady*, or he would have silenced them at once.

It was a Sunday evening. The merry



month of May—our Blessed Lady's own month—had filled the valley with its charms; nature had scattered her beauties everywhere. The sweet murmur of the stream, that glided like a silver serpent through the green meadows, mixed cheerily with the song of the birds: an agreeable coolness had succeeded the heat of the day, when Conrad the shepherd strolled forth from his cabin to enjoy a short walk. Two children, Eugene and Annette, ran on before him, and gave themselves net to those demonstrations of joy so befitting up to their age; for the boy might have their innocent eight suns and his little numbered some sister about six.

All at once little Annette was seen running back: "Dear uncle," said she, "let us go no farther; for perhaps we are lost." "Black Lady, and then we shall be lost," said the shepherd; "they whom God watches, are well watched: and besides that, the *Black Lady* is not so wicked as they say—she never injures any one."

"Have you seen her then, uncle?" asked the little girl in great terror.

"No, never. But I know that she sent some money the other day to a poor sick woman in the village, and that is enough to prove that she has a kind heart."

"I, for one," said Eugene, "would never touch her money: I should expect it to melt away in my hands."

"Nonsense," said the uncle, laughing at the idea; "those are all old women's stories. I should be very glad if she would give me a few hundred crowns. I would lay them out in enlarging my house, and in buying a field or two, so as to leave you something to keep yourselves on when I shall be no more."

And so ended that conversation. Conrad had dwelt in this valley only a very few years. He had settled there with the two children who called him their uncle, and had purchased the little cottage where he dwelt: and this was the sum of what the country people knew of him and his children.

While the children were in the full enjoyment of their walk, and were admiring the beautiful flowers around them, they heard a slight noise, as it were of a person muttering some words to himself in a very low voice. "Oh dear," cried little Annette, "it is the *Black Lady* coming to enchant us!" and she ran to Conrad as quickly as she could, and threw herself into his arms. Eugene, more daring than his sister, had the courage

to look towards the spot, whence the sound came; but he was frozen with terror, at the sight of a black figure moving among the dark foliage of the trees. He followed his first impulse, which was to run after his little sister in all haste: and as he went, he cried aloud, "I have seen her! I have seen her!" and eagerly clasped the hand of his uncle.

Conrad made a sign to them to keep silent; and in the mean time, the terrible figure emerged from the forest. It was no other than Father Morand, leaning on his staff, and reciting a portion of the Church Office in a low tone. His long black robes, the cowl which covered his head, but above all, his unexpected appearance, had terrified the children. But as soon as they saw the venerable religious, they dried up their tears, and their terror was turned into joy.

"Go and kiss Father Morand's hand, children," said Conrad: and at the same moment he raised his hat from his head, through respect for the man of God. The children obeyed.

Father Morand had noticed the children running away, and said to them with a smile, "It seems I frightened you, my little friends: what made you cry?"

"We were afraid that you were the *Black Lady*," answered Eugene.

"Well, even if I had been," replied the good religious, "there was no need for you to run away—she would not do you any injury, I'm sure. Always remember this, my little children; when your conscience is in peace, you need not fear man: fear God only. And during all your life bear in mind those words of the royal Prophet, 'The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.' He that fears God, avoids all that can displease Him, dreads sin, and thus prepares his heart to love Him, whom all nature acknowledges for its Author, and whose glory is published by every creature of the universe. The man, therefore, that loves God, need never tremble in His presence. Do you love God well, my little friends?"

A timid "Yes," dropped from the lips of the two children.

"Continue then," said the Father, "to love Him, strengthen yourselves in this love, and it will one day prove to be the greatest happiness you possess." Then he opened his breviary. "And now, in order to reward you, I will give you each a little picture. What is your name my little man?"

"Eugene, Father."



"And yours?"

"Annette."

The holy man turned over the leaves of his book. "Unfortunately," said he, "I do not find amongst my pictures either St. Eugenius or St. Annette. But here is St. Nicholas for you, Eugene, and St. Catharine for you, Annette. Are you satisfied?"

"Oh, yes, Father, quite. We are very much obliged to you for them." The holy priest gave them his blessing, and went on. Conrad accompanied him a short distance along the road.

The children, quite delighted with their pictures, sate down under a tree, and began to examine them.

"Oh! how beautiful mine is!" cried Annette. "Look how St. Catharine fixes her eyes on me, as if she wished to speak to me. Do you know the meaning of the palm she carries in her hand, and the broken wheel which lies at her feet?"

"No, sister, I know nothing at all about it: all I know is, that my St. Nicholas is much prettier than your St. Catharine; because he is giving his blessing to three little children, who are standing beside him; and that is just what Father Morand has been doing to us. So you see, mine suits the time better than yours."

But Annette would not give in, and maintained that St. Catharine was much more beautiful than St. Nicholas. And there the discussion ended; for they agreed to refer to uncle Conrad, to decide the important question for them—which of the two pictures was the prettier.

Annette looked sulky for a few minutes, and at last said, "Well, then, tell me this: Do you remember Father Morand telling us that *the Black Lady* would not have done us any harm? Do you believe it?"

"Why not, sister? You do not think the holy Father would tell us a lie?"

Annette bent her eyes to the ground and blushed. She felt the impropriety of her remark, and dared say nothing more.

"For my part," said Eugene, "I should like to see this famous lady. Depend upon it, I shall never fear her again, after what Father Morand has said."

"Oh yes, I dare say! you say so now; but you would run and hide yourself again, as you did just now."

"No, no, sister; for the future I shall fear God, and no one else; since without his will, no man can do us any injury."

Annette was just going to answer, when uncle Conrad rejoined them and led them home. His countenance wore an appearance of melancholy, that was not at all natural to it. And from his whole air and mien, it was plain that he and the holy religious, whom he had just quitted, had been talking on some very grave and serious subject.

N. G.

## RICH AND POOR,

BY R. MONCKTON MILNES, ESQUIRE.

WHEN God built up the dome of blue,  
And portioned earth's prolific floor,  
The measure of his wisdom drew  
A line between the Rich and Poor;  
And till that vault of glory fall,  
Or beauteous earth be scarred with flame,  
Or saving love be all in all,  
That rule of life will rest the same.

We know not why, we know not how,  
Mankind are framed for weal or woe—  
But to the Eternal Law we bow;  
If such things are, they must be so.  
Yet, let no cloudy dreams destroy  
One truth outshining bright and clear,  
That wealth abides in Hope and Joy,  
And Poverty in Pain and Fear.

Behold our children as they play!  
Blest creatures! fresh from Nature's hand;  
The peasant boy as great and gay  
As the young heir to gold and land;  
Their various toys of equal worth,  
Their little needs of equal care,  
And halls of marble, huts of earth,  
All homes alike endeared and fair.

They know no better!—would that we  
Could keep our knowledge safe from worse:  
So Power should find and leave us free,  
So Pride be but the owner's curse;  
So without marking which was which,  
Our hearts would tell by instinct sure,  
What paupers are the ambitious Rich!  
How wealthy the contented Poor!

Grant us, O God! but health and heart,  
And strength to keep desire at bay,  
And ours *must* be the better part,  
Whatever else besets our way.  
Each day may bring sufficient ill;  
But we can meet and fight it through,  
If Hope sustains the hand of Will,  
And Conscience is our captain too.



## FOREIGN CLERGY.

*(From the English Churchman.)*

SIR,—After a residence abroad, and some observation on the foreign clergy, both in east and west, I returned to England with this impression; “these men,” said I to myself, “have many disadvantages in comparison with our clergy. They are too poor to afford much personal relief, their education is often inferior to that of the higher classes of the laity, they are far from being members of society in virtue of their office, moreover it may be said, that as a body their character does not stand so high with the people as that of the clergymen of England. But then their habits are simple, they exemplify that disengagement from the world which they preach; the professed life of all, and the actual life of many, is known to be one of mortification and endurance; those of them who vow the unmarried state, by the very fact of their doing so, and the married, again, by the penury thereby entailed on their already straitened means. And on the whole it must be confessed they bring out into strong relief their priestly character, their intercourse with the higher classes is simply connected with their functions, and they assert for themselves (and not without reason) a likeness in these respects to the times from which we derive our common commission.”

From all which the corollary was, If the English Church resembled them in these things—if equally apostolic in her origin, equally untainted in her succession, at least as pure in her moral standing, she would show, and that prominently, a like readiness to renounce whatever might encumber her exertions—if she could produce her missionaries, her parochial clergy, her Bishops, and set them fearlessly by the side of such names as Xavier, and Humbert, and Borromeo—she would then add to the accidental advantages entrusted to her, those real, striking features of a witness for truth which never can be clouded under the frown, but which may easily be hidden under the smiles of the world.

Full of such thoughts, Sir, I took up the printed rules of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners “with respect to grants in augmentation of livings;” and what view did I there find was taken, by implication, of this very important question?

“6. The accommodation, in houses to be built, will comprise two sitting-rooms sixteen feet by fourteen each, a study about twelve or thirteen feet square, kitchen, scullery, and usual offices of corresponding dimensions, and six bed-rooms; the plans being prepared, in each case, with due regard to the peculiarities of the site and the wishes of the incumbent. The estimate average cost of building and completing such a house (including painting, papering, grates, bells, &c.) being about 1000*l*.” &c. &c.

Astounding provisions!

Without entering into the dubious wording which seems to leave it an open question whether the incumbent might (being unmarried or without a family)

protest against such a deluge of brick and mortar, but assuming, what I believe to be untrue, that the Commission would not really compel him to expend, perhaps, one third of his income on the servants necessary to support the dignity of such a structure; still, what do the Commissioners come before the country and deliver in plain English?

“We have no parish priests for you in the present day who can reasonably be housed under 1000*l*.; the Church’s zeal in the nineteenth century would flag without six bed-rooms, you could not demand of men the promulgation of those momentous truths to which they are consecrated, without the pre-requisite of papering, grates, and bells.”

And what is the tradesman’s and the poor man’s practical answer? “We take you at your word; it is (no doubt) highly fitting that the Clergy, well-born and educated as they generally are, should live by the standard of their connexions and of the age; most expedient that their sitting-rooms should be well papered, and their grates highly polished, and their bells capitally hung: all we venture to say is, they are not the men for us; Mr. A. our Baptist minister, comes in his rusty black coat to tell us of better garments both he and we may lay up for ourselves elsewhere; and then there is Father B. in St. George’s Fields, who knows quite as much Latin as our parson, and yet is content with his plain cell, because he says we shall all soon be content with a still narrower: and we have misgivings too, that these home truths, and these practical commentaries on them, are more in accordance with what is written of the lives and deaths of holier men than either Brother A. or Father B. pretend themselves to be.”

Alas, Sir, when we feel astonished that schism of all denominations rages round us, we forget that it is not so much by outward machinery that the Church must convince men, as by the undoubted tokens of her inward life; that of mere harmless living is a respectable homily, so is self-devoted living an irresistible eloquence; and, if I may venture in this letter to allude to words which cannot be quoted, that is, by caring for our own comforts so greatly above their proportion that we look for much, and lo, it comes to little. I am, &c. REGULUS.

There are persons whose hatred and contempt do more honour than praises and friendship.

Excessive and ill-placed praises, do honour neither to those who give them, nor to those on whom they are bestowed.

Liberal ideas require liberal conduct.

The suppression of the thoughts of a great writer is a crime of treason against human nature.

Behave daily towards your enemies, as if they were to become your friends again the next day.

He has made the best use of his lesson who practises it, and not he who remembers it.

Liberality consists less in giving a deal, than in giving seasonably.



## TRIALS OF A TEACHER.

SINCE I began this letter, I have had some of the troubles of school-keeping; and one of those specimens of the evil of boy-nature, which makes me always unwilling to undergo the responsibility of advising any man to send his son to a public school. There has been a system of persecution carried on by the bad against the good; and then, when complaint was made to me, there came fresh persecution on that very account; and divers instances of boys joining in it out of pure cowardice, both physical and moral, when if left to themselves they would have rather shunned it. And the exceedingly small number of boys, who can be relied on for active and steady good on these occasions, and the way in which the decent and respectable of ordinary life (Carlyle's "shams") are sure on these occasions to swim with the stream, and take part with the evil, makes me strongly feel exemplified what the Scripture says about the strait gate and the wide one—a view of human nature, which, when looking on human life in its full dress of decencies and civilisations, we are apt, I imagine, to find it hard to realize. But here, in the nakedness of boy-nature, one is quite able to understand how there could not be found so many as even ten righteous in a whole city. And how to meet this evil I really do not know; but to find it thus rife after I have been [so many] years fighting against it, is so sickening, that it is very hard not to throw up the cards in despair, and upset the table. But then the stars of nobleness, which I see amidst the darkness, in the case of the few good, are so cheering, that one is inclined to stick to the ship again, and have another good try at getting her about.—*Dr. Arnold.*

## PALM WINE.

DURING my stay at Allulee, an affaletah (kid-skin bag), full of palm wine, was brought me by Zaido every morning, he having suspended it below an orifice made near the top of the tree each preceding evening. Before sunrise he again ascended the tree, and taking the bag down, conveyed it beneath his robe, with a deal of caution, to my hut. His religion (Islamism) rendered his proceeding illegal, and he wished to enhance the favour by the great appearance of difficulty in procuring it; but a circumstance that happened one day proved to me that there were other wine-drinkers besides myself in the camp. I was busy writing, when all at once I heard loud sounds of merriment raised at no great distance from my hut, and removed one of the side boxes, so that, without exposing myself to the sun, I could see all that was going on. A poor fellow, evidently too tipsy to walk, was standing naked, with his hands tied behind his back by a long cord, the other end of which was fastened to a large stone; whilst two or three men kept discharging skins of water over him, that all the boys of the camp, in great glee, were busy supplying from the neighbouring pools, raising a loud shout of laughter as each skinkful seemed to rouse the drunken man for a moment, who staggered along, pulling after him the large stone, until he had completed the circuit of the camp, when he was allowed to lie down in quiet, and, covered with mats piled high above him, was left to recover from his debauch.—Palm wine is a very thin, light liquor, tasting like excellent ginger-beer, and, like it, effervescing every time the bag which contains it is opened. I always could drink three or four pints a-day, and Ohmed Mahomed would frequently steal into my hut, and help me in finishing my large leathern bottle, which a skin bag may certainly be called.—*Johnston's Travels in Abyssinia.*

## PALM SUGAR.

THE approaching appearance in the market of the world of a new variety of sugar, much superior for its richness and cheapness to all known sorts, is announced. It is the immemorial sugar of India, such as was used in the most remote antiquity, but prepared by the improved processes of modern science. This sugar is extracted by incision, from trunks of palm-trees, coconut-trees, and sago-trees; sometimes from an opening made under the flower-buds, sometimes from a wound cut in the tree under the origin of the leaves. A single palm-tree will thus yield, during a little more than three months, about two quarts of liquid a-day; this liquid, when thickened, is called jagg, and it resembles the raw sugar in its colour, its consistency, and its smell. The ancients confined themselves to thickening it in boilers, without submitting it to any refining operation; but things have changed since the processes contrived in Europe for the preparation of beet sugar have been applied to the palm-tree jagg. Samples truly admirable have been sent from Paria: they are comparable to the best specimens of West-India sugar. A colonist at Pondichery has manufactured, during the last year, more than 600,000 pounds; and it appears to be agreed, that the immense forests of palm-trees, cocoa-trees, and sago-trees, which cover the Indian plains, would be sufficient for the consumption of the world.—*Sud.*—[a Marseilles journal.]

## TEMPERANCE.

THE severe attacks of dysentery, and the former indispositions caused by remaining in unwholesome climates, and by exposure to the weather, seem to have made no inroad into my constitution; for although life's index points at sixty-two, I am a stranger to all sexagenarian disabilities, and can mount to the top of a tree with my wonted steadiness and pleasure. As I am confident that I owe this vigorous state of frame to a total abstinence from all strong liquors, I would fain say a parting word or two to my young reader on this important subject. If he is determined to walk through life's chequered path with ease to himself, and with satisfaction to those who take an interest in his welfare, he will have every chance in his favour, provided he makes a firm resolution never to run the risk of losing his reason through an act of intemperance: for the preservation of his reason will always insure to him the fulfilment of his resolution, and his resolution will seldom fail to crown his efforts with success. The position of an irrational ass, cropping thistles on the village common, is infinitely more enviable than that of a rational man under the influence of excessive drinking. Instinct teaches the first to avoid the place of danger, whilst intemperance drives the last headlong into the midst of it. To me there is no sight in civilized society more horribly disgusting than that of a human being in a state of intoxication. The good Jesuit who, six-and-forty years ago, advised me never to allow strong liquors to approach my lips, conferred a greater benefit on me than if he had put the mines of Potosi at my immediate disposal. I might fill a large volume with the account of miseries and deaths which I could distinctly trace to the pernicious practice of inebriety. I have seen manly strength, and female beauty, and old age itself, in ruins under the fatal pressure of this degrading vice. The knave thrives on the follies of the drunkard, and whole families may trace the commencement of their decay to the dire allurements of the public-house.—*Autobiography of Charles Waterton, Esq.*



## LETTERS FROM BELGIUM.

## LETTER VII.

(Continued from page 312.)

Monday, Dec. 4th. The village of C. is situated near the coast, from which it is separated by ridges of sand-hills thrown up by the sea, the accumulation of ages. It is its situation among these hills which gives it its seclusion, and renders it so picturesque.

I found on inquiry, that no conveyance of any kind could reach the village by the road at this season, it being one bed of deep mud, and that my only resource was a donkey, which could traverse the raised footpaths and take me in safety. I was, therefore, advised to take a donkey from my own village, with its owner to guide it instead of my own servant, as the safest plan. This, however, obliged me to set off later, as I did not care to go out before daylight with only a female attendant. This was an English feeling it is true; such things are not thought of here. At a quarter before seven, therefore, we started; Anna wrapped in her long, black cloth, national mantle, with a coloured kerchief tied over her head, and I wrapped in enough of cloaks and shawls to have very well passed for an English gipsy, but in Belgium we were like two respectable peasants of the better order. By walking when tired of riding, and riding when tired of walking, we advanced too well and steadily to give me any adventures to relate, till we arrived within an hour's distance from the village. We then began to find we were in the route to some spot of religious holiday, by the clean white caps, and best cloaks, and respectable hats and coats, and silver shoe-buckles, of several peasants going the same way as ourselves. Soon we began to see groups advancing, on their return from the place of festival, and on the first party meeting us, they kindly stopped us, to acquaint us we could not advance much farther with our steed, as the sand paths were traversed by little bridges which the animal could not pass. I said, "You have, I dare say, been to the early services at C——."—"Yes, we have been to confess."—(They generally avoid saying they have actually communicated, out of reverence.)—"You must have been out early."—"We left home at half-past four."—"And are we in time for the High Mass?"—"Only just in time; you would go in late if you took your donkey back to any place yourselves."—"I live at this farm close by," said one young woman, "so let me take it home with me."—"Yes, yes," the whole party exclaimed, "let us take care of the donkey, for you will be only just in time!" We did not hesitate to commit our donkey to our stranger friends, with all the cloaks and shawls, which the advance of day and going on foot rendered unnecessary, and parted with many thanks on our part, expressed in Catholic language, "God shall reward you, &c.;" and good wishes on theirs, such as our pious peasantry are not fashionable enough to

have laid aside, of good old Roman Catholic customs, "May God take care of you," &c.

Our way became every moment more picturesque as we advanced towards the hills; and presently the tinkling of a tiny church bell warned us that we had indeed no time to lose. Sweetly it fell upon my ear, stranger though I was, for I felt how much it must gladden the hearts of every one of the five hundred inhabitants of C——, whose church was desecrated by the French some forty-five years ago, its altars despoiled, and its Pastor driven into exile, and it is only within a few months that our good Bishop has been enabled to appoint it a Pastor. The inhabitants have been obliged to go to a church two miles and a half distant. The consoling possession of a burying-ground was denied them, and what is most sad of all to a Roman Catholic, Jesus has had no altar before which they might kneel to offer Him in sacrifice, as their special sacrifice, nor temple in which He might dwell among them night and day, for them to kneel around Him, in public, within the church, or in private in their own homes around the church, each with his face turned towards the sacred Centre, to ask His benediction, and pour out their hearts to Him, as Roman Catholics love to do.

Now their Bishop has sent them a Pastor, a holy, devoted man, who has dedicated himself and his handsome fortune entirely to God, and has accepted this desolate cure expressly that he may "spend and be spent" for this hitherto shepherdless flock. He has already done much among them. The Church had been used as a barn since its desecration. He set vigorously to work to collect materials, to raise new altars, to throw out two rough wings which might serve as temporary side aisles. He purchased costly articles in silver and gold for the immediate service of these altars, with linen and Priests' dresses, a small organ, and every thing most immediately necessary; the church was blessed, and service is now regularly performed; and the desert sand-hills again rejoice, and echo, and re-echo back their gladness at the sound of the sweet-toned little bell which announces to them daily that Christ is coming to die, and that behold He lives for ever among them. As we came in sight of the village, the pretty little neat church was to be seen, reminding me very much of the pictures I had seen of Swiss churches, with its small belfry and plain white-washed walls, standing amidst a nest of thatched cottages, with the sand-hills rising high beyond, over and among which the congregation were assembling by narrow slanting paths. I missed the pretty clean Presbytery which adorns every Catholic village, as it stands close to the church, "keeping watch," for this had been destroyed at C—— by the reckless hand of the invader; and I had been told to look at a wretched cottage, as the residence of the Pastor, who has subjected himself to its inconveniences till he can build a house, because it is next the church, the Levite appointed to "guard the tabernacle." *Num. i. 53.*

When we entered the church, we found entering



was all we could do, as it was filled to the very door. No seat was to be had, but an old woman pushed her chair to me, slipping away with the words, "I can get one." She indeed returned to my side with one which she must have fetched from some cottage. The mass was immediately begun. The chanting was beautiful, but I did not know till afterwards that it was the Pastor himself who led the choir, though I ought to have guessed it from the deep tone of feeling expressed in every note. The preacher was to me a stranger. Not a very good sermon, or such a one as he might have made on so interesting an occasion. But, perhaps, we did not need a good sermon, for every thing around preached to us. The rough wooden beams above our heads, and rough stone pavement beneath our feet, and newly-plastered walls, telling us of desolation now gone by; the gold and silver and brightly ornamented altars, and costly and beautiful things around and about us, preaching by their contrast of the mercy of God restored; teaching us to wait for mercy in dark and hopeless years, for that *He* will surely come, if we will but "wait" and "call upon Him in the time of trouble." And I thought of my country, of cold and priestless England, and asked of God when he would return and forgive her, and let her as a nation sing as the Pastor of C—, so fervently, so with his whole soul, and his deepest heart-feeling, was singing at the moment of consecration, "Blessed is he that cometh, that cometh, that cometh in the name of the Lord—that cometh in the name of the Lord. Blessed, and Blessed, and Blessed, is he that cometh in the name of the Lord. Hosanna in the highest."

And well he might chant fervently, the shepherd of that village which had so long "lain silent" singing "with all his might before the Lord," and before the ark, brought now home to his flock, "with joyful shouting and sound of trumpet," *Samuel* ii. 6. *Cath. Bib. Kings* ii. 6, and before the altar "upon which the name of the Lord of Hosts is invoked," for that mighty God the Lord Jehovah, will henceforward daily descend upon that altar, at the voice of that same Pastor, to be offered by him a continual victim for the parishioners of C—.

Before that altar now they will daily meet, bringing each with him "his own wound and his own grief," each with him his own joy, with which a stranger intermeddled not, to Jesus their hearts' own intimate Friend, there really present, veiled indeed under the semblance He has chosen, but really in Godhead and manhood present—Jesus—Saviour, to save them from their sin by the sacrifice of Himself—Christ—Anointed—Prophet—Priest—King; their Prophet, to teach them by holy communication as they kneel around Him in silent prayer; their Priest, offering himself, and pleading his merits from that altar before the eternal throne, for the obtaining for each his heart's desire; their King, to whom they will each morning there offer themselves to obey, to serve, to subject themselves unto.

Their appointed Pastor might therefore well indeed sing fervently, "Blessed is he that cometh," for though the mercies of God are in every place, and

he can give to individuals compensations when he denies his general means of grace, as he has so long done to the oppressed Roman Catholic of England, and to the shepherdless inhabitant of C— yet a nation, or a parish, in which the sacraments of the true Church are not administered, must be considered as under correction, and it is a "time to rejoice" when the justice of God seems to be satisfied, and the "clouds and darkness" which have long been "round about him" pass away, and again a ray of "mercy" beams from the "habitation of his seat."

The mass ended, the congregation chiefly left, except those whose hour it was to pray. I remained of course, as my object in coming was to be edified by the example of piety in this simply devout congregation. The stillness of the church was now profound, the snapping of the many candles which burned around the most Blessed Sacrament, being the only sound heard. This still, still prayer, is impressive beyond imagining. As the hour passed a man came to ring the bell, so many strokes for each hour, as there is no clock in the church, and the worshippers must be warned as their hour arrives or expires.

As noon drew near I left the church to take some refreshment. I had refused to bring a letter of introduction to the Pastor, as on such days they have many clergymen to dine with them, and I was quite a stranger. I had therefore requested my attendant to look out when Mass was over for some place where I might dine, and return to the church or spend an hour or two in looking about this romantic neighbourhood as I best should like. She met me at the church door, and acquainted me she had found a baker's wife most willing to receive us, and who had offered the best her house afforded. The good-natured old woman, who had given me up her chair, had also offered for me to go to her home, but it was farther off, and I unfortunately chose the baker's. Unfortunately for me, for when I had ordered my dinner, I discovered they were newly come to live at C—, and could therefore furnish me with no old stories about the village, nor utter a lament over its long silent church bell, and its altarless church, and I am certain my old woman could have kept me amused so long as I had time to listen to her; for I am sure she was an old inhabitant by the joy that sparkled out through every feature of her glad countenance, and I may say from her whole frame, for her very clothing twirled about her in delight, as she skipped hither and thither. I love these old Belgian villagers and their stories, such as our own old women tell in my own village of the "French time," and their being obliged to fly, every creature old and young, leaving all they possessed in the world behind them, whole villages being thus left without a single inhabitant save the merciless invaders, who desecrated their churches, took possession of their costly church vessels and ornaments, and melted the bells into money, "the whitish ugly money which is among our copper even now, that is our church bells, believe ye," as they indignantly say. And I wished



so much to hear in detail the story of the spoliation of the church of C—, and the Pastor's escape just with his life, and the feeling of desolation which I knew its flock must have suffered "without a Priest and without sacrifice."

We were very kindly served, however, by the good baker and his wife, in their neat best room; and on my expressing a wish to see the ocean, being tempted by its distant roaring to climb the barrier of sand which hid it from us, he kindly volunteered to guide us thither. We should have found a pathway with difficulty without his aid, as the wind is constantly drifting fresh sand over the hills. With his guidance we soon found ourselves at the top of the Hooghden Blikker, the highest of the mounds, which enabled us to see to a very considerable extent the country surrounding us and the ocean before us. But I missed my old women and their tales of the by-gone time; of the old Dune Abbey, whose ruins lay in a hollow at our feet, and of a small chapel peeping out amidst the waste. Our guide knew none of these stories, and only thought so much sand very cheerless and saddening, and said when first he came to live there it made him so dull that he stayed in his house as much as possible to avoid seeing it: and he began almost to make me think so too, as he contrasted this barren spot with the fertile village he had left, and which reminded me of my own lovely green, luxuriant, beloved village, where the candle of the Lord has so long shone round about to bless and gladden us; and I took to moralizing for my compensation of old stories, and remembered that it was only because we had so long enjoyed the blessings which the inhabitants of C— were but just put in possession of, which made us so much less fervent in joy and thanksgiving than they, but that we had equal cause of rejoicing with them, and ought to express as much gratitude to God in secret, as they were now publicly expressing.

I feared to approach nearer the ocean, as it might have prevented our being in time for vespers; and we descended again into the sandy vale, where we joined some parties who were going to church. Nothing but congratulations and felicitations passed among them upon their good Pastor's pains-taking, and arrangements for them, and especially for his having obtained permission from the Bishop for them to have a day of adoration. It was nearly two o'clock when we entered the baker's house, and I immediately bade them adieu, and went to the church, where I found very many "praying their hour." Neat little girls and boys, school-children no doubt, as the Pastor has established schools, and they are already in good order, under the teaching of the Clerk, who I forgot to tell you lodges at the baker's, and whose new and handsome piano ornamented the room I dined in, and did me much harm by almost destroying my notion of the rusticity of C—. These dear children's piety seemed beyond the power of fatigue; the vespers were not chanted till three o'clock, but they never seemed to relax praying an instant during the hour I waited. There was something about them of angelic enthu-

siasm, such as one only reads in the countenances of happy children. Their Pastor had certainly taught them how grateful they ought to be, to their Saviour for coming to "dwell in the midst" of them.

At three the Pastor entered, whom I now knew to be the Pastor; he took his place before the Blessed Sacrament, with another Priest, to chant the vespers. The church was again filled to overflowing. I could not wait for the Benediction service, as I found it would not be till five. The church was very little emptied when I left, and the Pastor had again entered and stationed himself kneeling at the foot of the altar for private devotion. I longed to remain in the holy company, but it was nearly four o'clock: I had already lingered too long.

We had company a great part of the way to the farm where we were to find our donkey. It had been well taken care of, and fed, and trotting quickly homewards, brought us within sound of our own village bell in time for the Benediction service at home: and this ended my excursion to the village among the sand-hills.

And now let me recal for a while the thoughts which have been awakened in your mind by the train of this letter. Let me detain you still a moment while I ask you how far you agree with me in what I have written?

Do you believe that the mind of one and the same creating God may be traced in the works of nature, by the agreement of one work with another?

Yes, this is confirmed to you by daily observation.

Do you believe that the mind of one and the self-same God may be traced in the works of grace, by the agreement of the several parts of the mighty scheme of man's redemption?

Yes, this is confirmed to you by your daily reading of scripture, and by the teaching of your church.

You fully acknowledge, for instance, that the sacrifices of the ancient law were a shadowing forth of the final sacrifice of Christ.

Do you believe that God "indeed" dwelt "upon earth" in the tabernacle of Moses, and in the temple of Solomon, veiled under the pillar of a cloud by day and under a pillar of fire by night, and under "the cloud that filled the house of the Lord" (*Kings i. 10.*) so that the Priests could not stand to minister because of the cloud, for the glory of the Lord filled the house of the Lord?

Daughter of the Church of England, you believe all this. Will you not go one step farther with me—only one? For "why should it be thought a thing incredible" with you that God should dwell with us? that God of love who declares his "delight is to be with the sons of men?" And if he graciously delighted to dwell with the sons of men unredeemed, shall "the Author of their salvation" not much more delight to "dwell" among the "many children," whom, "by his passion he has brought to glory?" (*Heb. ii. 10.*)

And if God, in his one God-like nature, delighted to dwell with man on earth in his spiritual essence, "why should it be thought a thing incredible" that he should devise a plan to dwell among them in his human nature, the body which he assumed for man's



sake in the womb of his virgin Mother, and raised from the dead, and manifested to the disciples, and allowed to be touched by them, convincing them that it was himself in his fleshly nature, and not a spirit? (*Luke xxiv. 39.*)

Precious to the Catholic is it thus to believe! Sweetly does he drink at the fountain of consolation, springing from the lips of his incarnate Redeemer! 'Let not your heart be troubled, you believe in God, believe also in me. Yet a little while, and the world seeth me no more. But you see me: because I live, and you shall live.' "If any man love me, he will keep my word, and my Father will love him, and will come to him, and will make our abode with him." (*John xiv. 19, 23.*)

But if your reason cannot be convinced, ah, let your heart be your teacher. Can any thing be more exquisitely touching than the silent love of Christ, dwelling in the Divine Sacrament of the altar? Multiplying his Sacred Person in its twofold nature, that he may be wholly and entirely present in every place where he has set his name. He might have effected this end, by his almighty power, in any other way, but he chose the semblance of this Sacramental host. Under the ancient law, present with one people only, in one place alone; now, under the law of grace, manifesting Himself to the world, in every place where a true Priest by consecration procures His Sacred Presence, that He may dwell "amidst" every little band of Christians, whole and entire, every where, throughout the whole world, yet entirely present for the sake of every single soul who shall approach "the place of his rest," to hold communion with him. "O come," and join us, and be one with us, in our beautiful faith! "Let us come" together "before his Presence with thanksgiving. Let us worship and fall down, and kneel before the Lord our Maker." *xcv. Psalm. Cath. Bib. xciv.*

"O let us to his courts repair,  
And bow with adoration there."

*Prayer-book version.*

If you could but lay aside that false notion of idolatry, that terrifying war-cry raised by Satan in the sixteenth century, to drive God's Presence from his "rest" in the church of England, how consoling you would find it to be of the people who have "God so nigh;" to be able to draw near to Jesus in intimate communion, to speak to Him present, as "a man speaketh with his friend;" to entertain your soul in the silent church, as Roman Catholics love to do, in holy communing; to be taught as they are taught, endless methods of spiritual exercise, so that they cannot weary of remaining "in adoration there;" permitted to visit the "great and terrible God," under the same roof with themselves, his greatness all hushed as when he lay a silent infant in the crib of Bethlehem; among us as then, in our nature "perfect God, and perfect man, of a reasonable soul and human flesh subsisting; equal to the Father as touching his Godhead, and inferior to the Father as touching

his manhood;" for our sakes "inferior" for each one of us, condescending to liken himself to every relation that can subsist between man and man—Father, Brother, Friend, Guest, Spouse, Shepherd, Teacher, Counsellor, Guide; now more tender than a mother, now a Physician, now an Example, a Governor, a Judge, a Priest, a King, a Host, a Man of Sorrow, a Comforter, a Victim slain for us, a Peace-maker, an Advocate.

Saviour, Jesus, present with us in this vale of Mambre, that we may "draw nigh, and stand before the Lord," and "speak to thee face to face, as a man speaketh with his friend," even we, who are but "dust and ashes." Behold, we approach the lowly home in which Thou hast chosen to "dwell among" us, and "let not the Lord be angry if we speak," and plead for England, once the shepherdess of "Thy beautiful flock."

Forgive, Lord, "forgive her iniquities, and remember her sin no more." "Turn Thou her, O good Lord, and so shall she be turned." Be favourable, O Lord, be favourable to thy people, who turn to thee in weeping, and fasting, and praying; for thou art a merciful God, full of compassion, long-suffering, and of great pity." *Comm. Service.* She drove Thee away, and refused Thy sacrifice, yet, "turn Thy anger from her, for now\* she" meekly acknowledges her vileness. "She drove Thee away, and refused Thee a home in her temples, yet turn Thy anger from her;" for now† she feels her pain of loss, and "meekly acknowledges her vileness."

She refused to retain thy gracious gift of Priestly absolution, yet, "turn thy anger from her," for now‡ she would fain "kneel down and take the word divine—Absolve te."

She refused to teach her sons by the ensign of the fatal tree; but now§ she loves "to trace the sign of her redemption," upon her wearied front, and raise it above her altars.||

Thou seest the various struggles she is making to come again into the light of Truth. Jesus, Lord, how long shall her priesthood sit in blindness by the wayside begging, and crying to Thee for mercy, that they may receive their sight—Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on them! Or if they must grope still longer on in darkness, pass at least among them, that Thy shadow may fall upon them, that the darkness of Thy sacred shade may bring to them the light which Thou hast promised to the godly who sit in darkness. Let not the Lord be angry, and I will speak yet once more: look once again on England, and see her striving to approach Thee; let her, we beseech Thee, come nearer, and touch the hem of Thy garment.

But if the Lord will not be angry I will speak yet more boldly. Hath she not already touched

\*See Oxford Tracts, &c.

† See Dr. Pusey's Sermon: The Holy Eucharist, a Comfort to the Penitent.

‡ See Oxford Tracts. Lyra Apostolica, &c.

§ See Dr. Pusey's Sermon. Bp. Ox.

|| In Mr. Ackley's church a large crucifix is placed over the altar.



Thee? Hast Thou not perceived virtue proceed from Thee? Dost Thou not know that "somebody hath touched" Thee? Oh, turn Thee round, and ask "Who is it that touched Me?" and Thou wilt see it is England, "the lady of nations," once "the strong and beautiful," now the long afflicted by disease, who has spent all her substance on physicians, and cannot be healed of any—she shall come fearing and trembling, knowing what is done in her, and shall tell Thee all the truth. Tell Thee that she is healed, healed of her sin, and Thou shalt again call her "Daughter," and shalt go home and "dwell with" her, and make Thy abode with her. And she shall sit at Thy feet, a Magdalene for ever, and wash them with her tears. And the proud pharisee shall be rebuked, who would reproach Thee for allowing her to touch Thee, because she had been a sinner, for England, she it would be who under forgiveness would "love much."

Yea, Jesus, Saviour, who among the nations would love Thee as England can love? Therefore, forgive her much.

### ALMS-GIVING.

BY RICHARD MONKTON MILNES.

WHEN poverty, with mien of shame,  
The sense of Pity seeks to touch;  
Or, bolder, makes the simple claim  
That I have nothing, you have much—  
Believe not either man or book  
That bids you close the opening hand,  
And with reproving speech and look  
Your first and free intent withstand.

It may be that the tale you hear  
Of pressing wants and losses borne,  
Is heap'd or colour'd for your ear,  
And tatters for the purpose worn;  
But surely Poverty has not  
A sadder need than this, to wear  
A mask still meaner than her lot,  
Compassion's scanty food to share.

It may be that you err to give  
What will but tempt a farther spoil,  
Those who in low content would live  
On theft of others' time and toil;  
Yet sickness *may* have broke or bent  
The active frame or vigorous will,  
Or hard occasion may prevent  
Their exercise of humble skill.

It may be that the suppliant's life  
Has lain on many an evil way  
Of foul delight and brutal strife,  
And lawless deeds that shun the day;  
But how can any gauge of yours  
The depth of that temptation try?

—What man resists—what man endures—  
Is open to one only Eye.

Why not believe the homely letter,  
That all you give will God restore?  
The poor man *may* deserve it better,  
And surely, surely, wants it more:  
Let but the rich man do his part,  
And whatsoe'er the issue be,  
To those who ask, his answering heart  
Will gain and grow in sympathy.

—Suppose that each from Nature got  
Bare quittance of his labour's worth,  
That yearly-teeming flocks were not,  
Nor manifold-producing earth;  
No wilding growths of fruit and flower,  
Cultured to beautiful and good;  
No creatures for the arm of power  
To take and tame from waste and wood!

That all men to their mortal rest  
Passed shadow-like, and left behind  
No free result, no clear bequest,  
Won by their work of hand and mind!  
That every separate life begun,  
A present to the past unbound,  
A lonely, independent, One,  
Sprung from the cold mechanic ground!

What would the record of the past,  
The vision of the future be?  
Nature unchanged from first to last,  
And base the best humanity:  
For in these gifts lies all the space  
Between our England's noblest men,  
And the most vile Australian race  
Out prowling from their bushy den.

Then freely as from age to age,  
Descending generations bear  
The accumulated heritage  
Of friendly and paternal care—  
Freely as Nature tends her wealth  
Of air and fire, of sea and land,  
Of childhood's happiness and health,  
So freely open you your hand!

—Between you and your best intent  
Necessity her brazen bar  
Will often interpose, as sent  
Your pure benevolence to mar;  
Still every gentle word has sway  
To teach the pauper's desperate mood,  
That Misery shall not take away  
Franchise of human brotherhood.

And if this lesson come too late,  
Woe to the rich and poor and all!  
The maddened out-cast of the gate  
Plunders and murders in the hall;  
Justice can crush and hold in awe,  
While Hope in social order reigns—  
But if the myriads break the law,  
They break it as a slave his chains!







